

Dragonball: The Story of Roshun- Volume I

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Volume One:

The Desperate Cry of the Saiyans

It was one of the worst nights Planet Vegeta had ever seen. Lightning stuck, thunder roared and rain fell from the heavens. Saiyans both old and young scrambled into their homes desperately seeking shelter from a force that not even the most powerful warrior could stop. All the while, a man watched the occurrences from his chamber window. Normally he hated the rain, cursing it for flooding his planet; but today was different. Today, for some reason, he saw it as a message. A message that took some thought to decode. He began thinking of how a group of warriors could destroy planets and defeat some of the strongest fighters in the galaxy, and not be able to stop water from falling.

He took it as a message from the gods, or the god. He had never really taken much thought to religion of any kind. He had always lived for the moment, not caring about any form of higher power that may or may not be out there. All that changed in one night. This message had made him think like nothing before.

The man was rather tall, with very tall, black hair and a beard on his face. He liked this because it was hard for people to see his

facial expressions. He wore the normal Saiyan armor, but slightly modified with his tail wrapped around his waist. A cape started at his shoulders and went down to about his ankles. He wore black boots and on his eye was a Saiyan scouter that could read the power levels of other fighters.

He moved from his window (where he had been staring for the last hour) and moved to his bed where he lay down. He decided he would, for once, speak with his religious counselor on this "message". That set his mind at ease. As he was just starting to relax, he heard a knock at his chamber door.

"What is it," the man shouted with an obvious displeasure in his voice.

"Your Highness," the man replied, "the newest batch of infants are ready to leave and your presence is requested."

"Very well," he replied.

His mind was full of thoughts again. The infants were ready to leave to their designated planets. It was a simple program really. They would send infants to weak planets to prepare them for takeover. He hated this idea, and hid it very well. There were too many risks, too many things that could go wrong with a powerless infant in space. "It's all that bastard Freeza's fault," he said not knowing that he had said it aloud.

He hated Freeza. There was nothing more clear and simple than that. The way he controlled his planet as his own personal army. There was nothing that he could do about it and the man knew it. Freeza was unbelievably strong; much too strong for any Saiyan. Still, he held on to what little hope he had, sharing this thought with no one but himself.

He looked at his clock and realized he was running late. Quickly he changed into his royal uniform and departed for the pod site. He walked through the halls of the palace watching his loyal servants bow before him as he passed, but for some reason, he couldn't concentrate on that right now. All he could think about was his hatred towards Freeza. He couldn't stand it.

Freeza had first arrived when his great-great-grandfather, King Vegeta IV was in power. He had transformed the Saiyan society into what they are today, bloodthirsty savages. His thoughts were interrupted as he was approached by Takahashi, his head military leader and most trusted friend. They had grown up together as friends and had stayed ever since. He was the one he shared his secrets with, secrets about his hatred for Freeza. He politely took his bow and began leading him towards the pod-launching site. "Glad you could make it, King Vegeta," he said as the King followed, "I think you will be pleased with the new batch of infants. They will be very strong warriors as they grow older."

King Vegeta was taken out to a huge ledge of the palace. It had stopped raining, for the moment anyway. There were three pods, all containing small children, unaware of what was happening to them. He looked to his left and saw his sons Vegeta and Roshun standing tall and firm. The two were twins and were both six years old and looked almost exactly alike. Only Vegeta's pessimistic attitude and angry

temper separated him from his brother. Next to them was his last and youngest son Foji who was four. Looking over the three children was Nappa, one of his best warriors that volunteered to become the caretaker of the children. The King was proud of all three of them and believed they would all grow up to be great fighters. He smiled and turned his attention towards the pods. He suddenly felt a strange feeling that he had never felt before. He looked into the middle pod and saw a normal looking child; but for some reason, he felt something special about this one. "What is this ones name," he said pointing at the child.

Immediately, the head of the pod-launch grabbed a clipboard and read from it. "His name is Kakkarott, sir," he said. "He's the son of Bardock, a third class warrior. He's in a healing chamber right now. He just came back from a fight badly injured."

"Tell me," the King asked still wondering what that feeling was, "How strong is he expected to reach."

"Well, by the time he's twenty, he will have a power level at about 5,000."

Wow, the king thought, it seems these children get stronger every year. As amazed as he was, he held in his excitement. "And where is he going," he asked.

"Some planet called Earth sir."

The King stared at the boy and looked into his eyes. He could still sense that feeling; he couldn't quite put his finger on it. "Very well," he said as he walked away towards the other two pods. As he walked away, the feeling faded. Suddenly he heard a shout from one of the operators. "Prepare for takeoff," he shouted as he motioned for everyone to move away.

People cleared, chatting among themselves. It was probably there first time at a launch, the King thought. "Go," the man shouted and immediately the pod went flying into the air. Soon it was so distant it was like a shooting star.

"Go," the man shouted again and the middle pod, the one containing the child called Kakkarott, shot up into the sky.

As it left, the feeling that haunted King Vegeta left as well. It seemed that as the pod broke the clouds, a raindrop fell. Soon, a chain reaction occurred and drop after drop fell to Planet Vegeta. This, however, did not stop the launch of the last pod, which flew much like the last two. King Vegeta was happy it had finally ended. He would no go back to his chamber where he could hopefully rest in peace. "We wish these soon-to-be great warriors good luck," he shouted, " Goodnight and thanks for coming."

"Yes, thank you very much," a mysterious voice said behind him.

Vegita quickly turned and saw the figure he hated most—Freeza. As small as he was, he was much more powerful than any Saiyan ever could be. At his right was Zarbon, his pretty boy assistant and to his left was Dodoria, a small, pink, fat man who had more strength than he did brains. Together, the three ran things, including Planet Vegeta.

Vegita couldn't help but scowl. "What's wrong," Freeza asked humorously, " You don't look to happy to see me."

"What can I do for you, Freeza," he asked still scowling.

Before Freeza could answer, Zarbon butted in. "You will address him as Lord Freeza, not Freeza," he said.

"Shutup you stupid faggot," he shouted back angrily, " I should go over there and kick your fat ass."

"Why you son of a â€|"

"Ahem," Freeza remarked calmly, immediately shutting up Zarbon. "Forgive Vegita," he continued, "We must have caught him at a bad time. Vegita, have we disturbed you in any way."

Vegita wanted to say so many things, but knowing his chances, he calmed down. "No Lord Freeza," he replied.

"Good," he said as his smile quickly turned to a frown. He walked right up to Vegita. "No I'm going to cut right to the chase if you don't mind. I'm disappointed with your army's performance on Planet Zarnia. Tell me, why haven't you captured it yet?"

Dammit, Vegita thought, this is gonna get me in real trouble. "We under estimated there numbers," he responded, "We sent to little troops over there. We're planning to take it a week from today when they have their full moon."

"NOT GOOD ENOUGH," Freeza shouted so loud that it scared even Vegita. "You were supposed to have it ready yesterday," he said still shouting.

"I'm sorry Lord Freeza, it will never happen again."

Suddenly a smile broke out on Freeza's face. "I know."

Vegita looked at Takahashi and saw that the rage in him must be equal to his. Takahashi's face was red with anger. He knew what was coming; everyone did. "Nappa," Vegita yelled, "Get the kids out of here."

"Yes sir," he replied. In an instant, they were gone.

Freeza then turned to his two assistants. "Zarbon, Dodoria, have a little fun with these people."

A smile formed on Zarbon's face and Dodoria did the same. As lightning flashed in the darkness, the two warriors disappeared. The Saiyans looked around puzzled. "Where the hell are they," Takahashi yelled out.

Out of nowhere, his scouter flickered on. He turned around and saw Zarbon and Dodoria floating twenty feet off the ground. Zarbon lifted his arm upwards and a small ball of ki appeared. He yelled as he hurtled it towards the earth. They group of pod operators ran in fear, but could not escape there fate. The energy ball hit the ground and exploded causing everyone who wasn't incinerated to desperately hold on to something so they wouldn't be blown away. Finally, the

dust cleared. Both Takahashi and Vegeta, the only Saiyans remaining there, looked and could not see Zarbon or Dodoria. Suddenly, Takahashi lunged forward in pain. As he fell, the fat, pink figure of Dodoria was seen behind him. Before he hit the ground, Zarbon punched him in the face. He went flying backwards and smashed into the palace wall. He slowly slipped to the ground as he left a trail of blood against the wall.

"Pathetic Saiyan," Dodoria yelled at Takahashi, "you're nothing but a useless piece of shi!" He never finished, for at that moment, Takahashi had elbowed the fat entity in the stomach.

"Don't ever insult a Saiyan," Takahashi said as he picked Dodoria up and threw him high in the sky. He then threw his hands back and released a huge blast of ki. The sky exploded in a bright light that lit up the heavens. Vegeta, despite the blinding light, stared in amazement. He could not believe Takahashi had destroyed Dodoria. But as the dust cleared, the figure of a short, fat Dodoria still remained. Takahashi's grin of delight turned into a frown and Vegeta was dumbfounded while Dodoria threw his head back and laughed. Off to the side, Zarbon grinned. "Don't you Saiyans ever understand," he said, "We are much stronger than you'll ever be."

In rage, Takahashi charged at Dodoria only to catch a left hook sending him back down. He smashed into the ground causing it to shake. It was apparent to everyone that he was through. Vegeta stood to the side, so angry, yet unable to do anything. 'Now listen up,' Freeza said as his two henchmen landed at his side, "I expect you know what the moral of the story is. Don't disappoint me again or else the consequences will be a lot worse."

Vegeta, still filled with rage replied, "Yes, Lord Freeza."

"Very good then. Dodoria, Zarbon, let's get going." With that, all three of them began levitating.

"Oh," Zarbon added, "If you ever call me a faggot again, I'll rip your heart out of your ass so you can see it before you die." All three flew away as quickly as they arrived. Takahashi was still lying on the ground near dead and Vegeta was staring straight up into the air. There is an almighty power out there, he thought, his name is Freeza.

"Are you alright," Vegeta yelled to Takahashi.

"I've been better," was all he could manage to get out.

Vegeta clicked the transmitter button on his scouter. "Emergency," he said, "We need medics over here now. Oh, prepare a healing chamber for General Takahashi. Over and out." He walked over to Takahashi and knelt. "Don't worry friend, you will be healed."

"What are we going to do about Freeza," he choked out.

Vegeta paused for a second, then replied, "I don't know."

"It's too bad the legend of the Super Saiya-jin hasn't come true."

With that, Vegeta was silent. He looked up at a far ledge of his

palace and saw his children standing right next to Nappa. They had seen the whole thing. He then thought of what Takahashi had said about the Super Saiya-jin. "Takahashi," he said, "One of my children will be a Super Saiya-jin."

Takahashi managed to chuckle a little. "There's no way, Vegeta."

"I am going to train them to be stronger than any Saiyan has ever been. One will become a Super Saiya-jin and kill Freeza, I swear to you." As he finished his sentence, the medics arrived and carried Takahashi away. Soon, Vegeta was the only one left.

"CURSE YOU FREEZA," he yelled at the top of his lungs. He turned and walked away.

10 Years Later

Roshun looked across the vast training room. It was a great piece of work. It was huge with windows on the sides so people could observe. There were side rooms with weights and other work out equipment, but this is where he spent most of his time. This is the place where you get the most training. This is where he was to train today. He looked across the room and right into the eyes of his twin brother Vegeta. He saw the glare in his eyes and laughed. "It's not going to be that easy, Vegeta," he shouted.

"On the contrary," he yelled back, "This is going to be a piece of cake."

Roshun laughed. He was so used to his brother's cockiness that it didn't faze him one bit. Though they were twins, they didn't look too much alike. Vegeta was short with very tall, black hair pointed skyward. His eyes were black and his nose was rather pointy. Roshun, on the other hand, was tall, at least taller than Vegeta, and his hair split off to the side. He believed was much better looking than Vegeta. "Are we gonna do this," Vegeta shouted.

"Any time you're ready," Roshun replied.

They stared at each other for a brief moment, though it seemed like forever. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Vegeta disappeared. He reappeared behind Roshun and through a kick but Roshun jumped into the air avoiding the blow. He turned around and roundhoused Vegeta in the head. He went flying back, but recovered and came to a quick halt. "You got lucky you little prick," he said angrily.

"Oh it's all skill," Roshun replied. With that he charged at Vegeta and punched him in the face. He swung a left and Vegeta moved to the left. He lunged forward and kneed Roshun in the stomach stunning him for enough time for Vegeta to do his dirty work. He uppercutted him in the jaw, grabbed him by his neck and threw him across the room. He smashed into the wall and slowly fell to the floor. "Too easy," Vegeta said as he laughed at his opponent's loss. "Better luck next time."

He began to walk away but stopped. He looked back and could no longer

see Roshun. "Oh, great, looks like he's not done with yet."

He began scanning the room searching for any kind of movement. He saw what looked like a flash of light to his left. He turned and fired a ball of ki, sending that whole section of the room up in smoke. Again he saw something to his right. He turned and did the same thing causing a violent shaking like that of an earthquake. Now Vegeta was pissed. He began shooting blasts in every direction blowing up everything else but Roshun. "Dammit," he shouted, "Where the hell are you."

"Right here."

He looked directly upwards in the direction of the voice saw nothing but Roshun's boot heading strait towards him. It smacked him across his face sending blood flying. Roshun landed on the ground and tripped Vegeta sending him plummeting towards the ground. He fell and smacked his head on the hard floor. Roshun then grabbed his leg and hurtled him towards the wall, but Vegeta had other plans. He quickly rebounded off the wall and headbutted his opponent in the stomach. Roshun was stunned and Vegeta knew it. He flew backwards a little and released a huge blast of ki. Roshun, still stunned from the last blow, was swept up in its power and thrown up against the wall where the blast exploded into a big ball of energy. Everyone watching threw the windows, and even Vegeta, turned away to cover their eyes. Finally the smoke cleared and all that could be seen was a bloody, beaten-up Roshun. He lay on the ground near death desperately trying to stay conscience.

A smiling Vegeta walked up to him and picked him up by his shirt. "Like I said, piece of cake."

Roshun, even in all his pain, managed to break a smile. "I'll get you next time, Vegeta."

"Yeah whatever."

Still holding Roshun, Vegeta opened up the door and began walking down the halls of the palace. "Don't worry Roshun," he said, "I'm taking you to the healing chamber. You'll be all ready by dinnertime tonight."

"Well, I guess I should be thankful. It's the least you can do after trying to kill me."

That caused Vegeta to smile. "I could have killed you any time I wanted to. Besides, why would I want to kill you anyway? You're my own flesh and blood."

Roshun was prepared to answer, no doubt with a sarcastic remark, but he blacked out. Vegeta arrived at the healing pod. He opened it up, threw Roshun in and closed the door. At that moment, King Vegeta walked in. "Vegeta, what the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"Well, Father, I'm healing Roshun from our little encounter in the training room. He actually put up a fight this time."

"Vegeta, you know you don't have to carry your twin across the palace. We have servants who can do that for you."

"Father, I don't need servants for every little thing. I'm sixteen years old. I can do things on my own. I swear, next you'll want them wiping my ass."

"Vegita, watch your mouth."

"Sorry Father." He pressed a few buttons on the pod and it filled with a blue liquid that would make him healthy in no time. "See, I can do it myself."

He walked out of the room passing up his father. "Oh that reminds me, bring both your brothers to my quarters after dinner. I need to talk to you all."

"Sure" he said as he walked down the hall and out of sight.

Roshun was now conscience. He couldn't remember where he was for a second. He thought and finally remembered the painful battle versus Vegita. He looked at all his bloody wounds and saw nothing. He was just about healed, but not quite there. The machine would release him when he was 100% healthy. He always thought it was kind of weird sitting in a pool of liquid and not drowning. He looked through the glass window and saw the clock. It read 5:55, five minutes until dinner. Damn, he thought, I'm gonna be so busted if I miss dinner again. At that moment, he heard a low beeping noise. Finally, he thought, the machine's done. Slowly the blue liquid in the pod began to drain out. When that was done, the door unlocked and opened even slower than it drained. Roshun lifted his arm and ripped the breathing device off his mouth. "I always hated this thing," he said as he threw it to the ground.

He took a few steps out of the chamber and began stretching. His trainer told him it was always good to do this when you're done healing. He threw a few punches and kicks, then flew around a bit to make sure he was fully recovered. "Dang I'm hungry," he said as soon as he was done with his stretches. As he said that he remembered dinner. He looked up at the clock and saw it was 5:59. "Oh crap," he yelled as he took off running through the halls.

He was running desperately, maneuvering his way through the halls, rooms and corridors. Once or twice he ran into a servant, not stopping to look back. He was moving faster than a speeding bullet when all of a sudden, Foji popped out in front of him. Roshun quickly skidded to a halt and stopped just short of his younger brother. "Get the hell out of my way," he shouted angrily, "I'm gonna miss dinner."

As he said that, Foji broke out in laughter. It started out small, but soon he was roaring with laughter. He was rolling on the floor giggling nonstop. "What is so funny," Roshun asked in a very loud voice.

It took Foji a while, but soon he got to his feet and wiped the tears out of his eyes. "Why don't you look at that clock," he suggested.

Roshun, full of rage, turned and looked. It read 5:00, one hour earlier than the other clock. "I changed the clock in the healing room while you were recovering to make it look like you were late for dinner." With that, he started laughing hysterically again.

"You idiot." Roshun lunged forward punched his little brother in the stomach. He cursed him again and walked away.

The dining hall was filled with the noises of the Saiyan army eating their daily feasts. Only the leaders of Planet Vegeta were able to attend. This included members of the royal family and military leaders, which included Takahashi and his lower line of generals. They stuffed themselves with the servings while discussing their military status. "Our position on Questaria is good," Takahashi stated while he shoved a pork chop in his mouth. "If we keep up the pace, we can have the planet almost four days early."

"Very good," the king replied. "Another soon-to-be-victory for the mighty Saiyans." He raised his glass. "Let us offer a toast. To the great army of Saiyans, the strongest warriors in the galaxy."

"Cheers," the crowd responded tapping their glasses, then going right back to their pork chops while chatting amongst themselves.

"Attention everyone," the king shouted. The crowd immediately silenced. "I have an announcement. Tomorrow, Lord Freeza will be arriving for an unexpected visit."

This sent an uproar through the crowd of people. Suddenly, the strongest warriors in the universe were scared out of their minds. "But why?" Takahashi asked. "Why so unexpected?"

"I have a bad feeling about this visit," someone at the table added.

"Calm down everyone," the king said desperately trying to silence the crowd of warriors. "I'm sure he means no harm on this visit."

All the time, Roshun and his two brothers listened in horror. "Freeza never comes unexpectedly," Vegeta added out of nowhere. "I say we kill him."

"Vegeta watch your mouth," the king shot at him.

"Sorry, father, but we are Saiyans. We're supposed to be ruthless and we're afraid of one man. This is frickin ridiculous."

"Vegeta, that's enough. You have never fought him before. No one can defeat him. He is practically invincible. Now shutup before you get you get in trouble."

"He's not invincible." Vegeta stood up. "I'll kill him the moment he arrives."

"VEGITA, SIT DOWN!"

The young warrior stared at his father in amazement. He had never acted this way before. By now, the hall was silent. They had even stopped eating the tenderly roasted pork chops. "Yes, father," Vegeta replied as he sat down not uttering a word more.

It was nighttime when Roshun entered his fathers quarters where his father and two brothers already were. The room was silent, almost gloomy, filled with the dark, invisible sense of fear. Roshun was able to sense it the moment he walked in the door. It clouded the room like a thick, unseen fog. He closed the door and walked over to his family. "Sorry for being late," he said as he took a seat.

"No trouble at all son," the king added with a sound in his voice that made Roshun shiver.

"Could we start this, I have to get back to training," Vegeta said. He sounded as if he was in a hurry.

"Yes of course. The reason I called you here is to talk about tomorrow; about Freeza." That immediately caught the attention of the three children. "I've already sensed your hatred towards Freeza, God knows I feel the same but you need to understand something. Vegeta, what I told you earlier at the table about Freeza being invincible is true. Don't you even think of disrespecting Freeza, especially while when he's about to arrive. It's been said that Freeza has assistants in this palace. I'm not sure if it's true or not but.." He looked at the children, all staring at him paying attention to every little detail. "Nevermind, the point is I fear for your lives. There is no one strong enough now to defeat Freeza. Maybe someday there will be, but until then, we're at his mercy."

"What about the legend of the Super Saiya-jin?"

The king looked and saw that it had come from Vegeta. His fists were clenched tight and the expression on his face alone showed his hatred for the creature. The mighty ruler thought for a moment, lowered his head and said, "I was hoping one of you would be it."

"Vegeta's eyes brightened at this. He unclenched his fist and looked at his father. "What are you saying?"

The king lifted his head and looked at his son. "About ten years ago, I'm not sure if you remember, Freeza came for an unexpected visit. We were having a little trouble on Planet Zarnia and he wasn't happy about it. He appeared right after we launched a group of children to there locations. He had his two assistants, Zarbon and Dodoria, mercilessly kill everyone there but Takahashi and I. Then they almost killed the greatest warrior this planet had ever seen. It was like he was nothing compared to them. The squashed him like he was some kind of insect. They completely thrashed a wing of the palace and left. It was that day that Takahashi and I pledged to make you the strongest warriors ever in hopes of one of you becoming aâ€¦" He paused for a minute, "Super Saiya-jin. The years have rolled by and while you are still strong warriors, you aren't nearly strong enough to free our

planet from the clutches of that evil beast."

"Father, were only children," Roshun added, "There's still time for us."

"Child, even if you continued training at your normal rate, you wouldn't be able to beat even Freeza's guards. It's a pointless goal."

"No," Vegeta shouted, "I refuse to let him control this planet any longer."

"It's no use, for Freeza is like a god."

"God my ass."

"Must we do this again, Vegeta?"

He was about to answer with something sarcastic, but he grabbed a hold of his senses and replied, "No, father."

"Good, now go to your rooms and sleep."

At dawn, the sun rose above the horizon, bringing life to a dark, dull planet. It shown on to the palace and it's people, especially Roshun, who was practically jogging through the halls. He had a rough night, tossing and turning, getting no sleep at all. He had a dream. He was sure it meant something, but what it meant, he did not know. However, he did no someone who might. Kaikou was the palace's lead spiritual advisor. He would be able to interpret the dream, Roshun was sure of it.

He arrived at Kaikou's door and ran in, not even bothering to knock. "Kaikou," he shouted scaring the old man to death while he was reading.

"Jesus, Roshun, you can't do that. I'm an old man, wrinkled with age. You do that again and I'll probably die."

"Sorry, but I have something important."

"What is it?"

"It's a dream. I weird dream I had last night. I have no idea what it means."

"Well by all means, tell." He took a seat and Roshun did the same.

"Well, in my dream, I was a fly. I was flying around and I ran into a spider web. I looked around and saw millions upon millions of flies all stuck on the web. On the top was a great, big spider, thirsty for the blood of the flies. As I watched the spider, I and one other began falling from the web. I quickly regained my flight, while a frog jumped and ate the second. I went to fly back to the web to see what became of the flies still stuck to the web. When I arrived,

there was no one there. There was not even a web. Everything was gone.

"I flew around endlessly looking for anything. As I traveled I was joined by another frog, an armadillo, a cat, a hyena and a wolf. I came upon the spider after what seemed like forever. In front of my eyes it transformed into a huge panther. He began beating up on me, killing all the creatures around me. When it was just I, I transformed from a fly into a golden lion, shining like the sun. We battled until the ground we were on exploded with a bright light. That is where my dream ended."

He turned and looked at Kaikou who was staring at Roshun, deeply listening to his every word. "Well," Roshun asked, "What do you make of it?"

"To be perfectly honest," he replied, "I have absolutely no idea. Your dream is too complex. It has so many different issues that it would be impossible to decode. It's probably just your subconscious displaying weird messages that it's gathered. This dream could have been inspired by a trip to the zoo."

"Impossible. It has to mean something."

"Trust me, it doesn't."

Roshun sighed. "I can't believe it."

Kaikou walked over to Roshun. "I'll tell you what. I'll study it today and come back with a better answer tomorrow."

"Thank you." He went to the door and exited into the halls. As he entered, he looked out the window and saw a pod landing at one of the landing sites. "I wonder who that is?" he said aloud as he walked down the halls.

King Vegeta watched as the pod smashed into the padded landing site. He did not know who this was; he was not expecting anyone but Freeza, who would never arrive in a pod. The guards ran to the pod and opened the door revealing the beaten body of a Saiyan. He was injured badly, practically sitting in a puddle of his own blood. His armor was broken, revealing his wounds from harsh combat. He wore a bandana around his head and had black hair that went to his left and right. The unconscious Saiyan was dragged out of the pod and carried to the healing section of the castle. "Who is that?" Vegeta asked the pod supervisor.

I don't know, sir. He hasn't been identified. The numbers on the pod resemble those of ships we sent out a few months ago to Planet Kanassas. All contacts with the ships were lost. They were assumed dead. I guess one of them survived. We'll be able to get an I.D. when he's healed."

"Very well," he said. "Lead him to me when he's healed."

"Right, sir." King Vegeta left to prepare for Freeza's

arrival.

Vegita went flying across the room and smashed into the wall of the training room causing the floor to shake. Vegita was dumbfounded. He could not believe that Roshun had kicked him that hard. He slowly got back up and went into a fighting position. "I am going to kick your ass," he yelled out across the room. As he was ready to charge, he heard the intercom turn on. "Attention everyone," it said, "Prepare for the arrival of Lord Freeza."

"Dammit," Vegita said, "I don't want to great that queer."

"Calm down Vegita, I'm sure we don't have to deal with him. That's father's job."

"Yeah whatever." He shut off all the training equipment and left to their quarters. There they met Foji and they changed into their royal uniforms. "God I hate this armor," Foji said as he slid the elastic armor over his head.

"You're not the only one," Roshun added as he carefully adjusted it so it was straight.

"Both of you quit complaining," Vegita said. He already had his armor on. "You two sound like an old married couple."

"Shutup," they both yelled at the same time.

At that moment, King Vegita walked in, breaking up what could have been a huge argument. "Would you kids quit screwing around and hurry up, Freeza's almost here," he shouted angrily at the kids.

"It's all Vegita's fault," Foji said.

"I don't care whose fault it is, just hurry up."

The kids immediately obeyed their father and got ready. When they were finished, they headed towards the docking bay. They lined up in an orderly line, clearing a path for Freeza. Their timing was perfect, for at that moment Freeza's ship entered the atmosphere. It soared down to the landing site like an eagle, gracefully landing in it's intended spot immediately striking fear into the heart of every Saiyan. The door opened slowly as if it was mocking the tribe of people. When it opened, Dodoria was the first to leave the ship. After him came Zarbon and then the almighty Freeza himself. He looked around and saw the scared expressions on the Saiyans faces. "Well don't look so happy to see me," he said as he exited his ship.

"Welcome, Lord Freeza," the king said filled with fear.

"Thank you, Vegita, your too kind to me." He turned to the guards. "Guards, show me and my two assistants to our quarters."

"Yes, sir," the guards all replied at the same time. They were about to show him the way when Vegita stopped them. "What is the purpose of your visit my lord," he said.

"Oh, Vegeta, why can't I just come and visit with my favorite group of people—the Saiyans. After all, you deserve a little reward for all the hard work you do for me. Since you all love seeing me so much, I thought I'd drop by and visit with you for a little while. That's your reward." He turned and followed the guards to his room.

"I sense no good in this visit," Takahashi said to the king. The kids should leave and go somewhere else."

"We aren't wimps," Vegeta shouted, "We can take care of ourselves."

"Quiet, Vegeta," the king said. "Takahashi, I will send them only if the occasion calls for it. We don't want to show Freeza that we are that afraid of him."

"No offense," he replied, "But I believe Freeza already knows that."

"Takahashi, don't question my judgements. Do as I say and do not argue."

"Yes, sir."

King Vegeta turned to the guards. "Guards, do tell the cooks to prepare there finest for Freeza and his men."

"Yes, my king." They ran off to the kitchen to report the king's news.

Last, he turned his attention towards his kids. "You three go to what you like today, but stay away from Freeza and his men at all costs."

"Yes, father," they replied as they ran off to do what they pleased.

Vegita walked into his room. He was going to change back into his royal outfit for the Royal Banquet that night. He took off his shirt and tossed it on the bed not even bothering to turn the lights on. He was pissed off, mostly at Freeza, though he hadn't done anything yet. He, like Takahashi, felt Freeza meant no good on this trip. "That bastard Freeza," Vegeta said out loud.

"That's no way to speak of your ruler, Vegeta."

He turned around quickly and saw the dark, silhouette of the almighty Freeza. Vegeta was too scared to be angry. He had never been this close to Freeza alone before. He was scared, scared for his life. He took a few steps back and suddenly regained control of his senses. "What are you doing here," he said with a scowl on his face.

"Well Vegeta, I was here to talk to you." He took a step towards the Saiyan Prince and he took a step back. "Don't be so afraid, I wouldn't hurt a prince like you."

"Right," he said, "And I'm supposed to believe you."

"You should."

"Well I don't"

"My, my, what would your father say, talking to me like that. I believe his exact words were 'Avoid Freeza and his men at all costs'."

This caught Vegeta's attention. "How would you know that?"

"Vegeta, you'd be surprised how many secret contacts I have in this royal palace. It would amaze you." He began circling around Vegeta. "I'll tell you what amazes me though, your father's unloyalty, as well as that of his children."

Vegeta turned and looked at Freeza. "What are you saying?"

Freeza smiled. "I'm not saying that anything's definite yet, but the consequences could be very hazardous." He stood right behind Vegeta. "Starting with your father."

Vegeta was horrified, though he hid it well on his face. He could not believe this man, this monster. A scowl broke out on his face and he took a few steps forward. Suddenly, in an instant, rage overtook Vegeta. He turned and fired a huge ki blast. It instantly hit Freeza and caused an explosion that lit up the whole room. Vegeta smiled. I've killed him, he thought, I've defeated the tyrant.

But as the smoke cleared, it was obvious that Freeza was not dead. There he stood, not even fazed by the blast from Vegeta. A smile broke out on his face. "You surprise me with your courage," he said to the warrior, "Most Saiyans aren't brave enough to do that. It would mean instant death for any one who attempted it."

Vegeta stepped back. He was amazed that the blast had not even affected him. "Impossible," he cried, "Not even a scratch." His fear turned to rage as he raised his hands to shoot another. "Die!" he yelled. As he was going to fire it, Freeza disappeared. He looked around the room and could not find him. "Here," he heard.

He turned and saw Freeza standing right behind him. Before he saw it, Freeza's fist had smacked him upside the head. He went flying back and rammed right into the wall. "Foolish monkey," Freeza said, "No one tries to bring down the almighty Freeza."

Vegeta sat up against the wall where he was thrown against, blood dripping from his mouth. It was only one punch and the Saiyan Prince was down for the count. He was helpless, nearly dead. "Bastard," he said as he choked on his blood.

"Now Vegeta," he replied, "Are you ready to listen to me. I'm about to offer you a deal."

Vegeta was silent, unable to speak.

"I'll take that as a yes. Now here is the deal, listen carefully." He walked to the corner of the room. "As you may or may not know, you

are the strongest of all the Saiyans, even at your young age. That makes you the lead candidate for the job of leader of my Saiyan army. Maybe even king someday." Vegeta still showed no movement. "That's if and only if you do exactly what I say or there may not be much of a Saiyan army left, if you catch my drift."

"You wouldn't."

"Oh but I would."

"You son of a..."

"Shutup. I'm getting to your orders so this won't happen."

"I won't do anything you say."

"I'm sure you will after what I have to say. Now shutup so I could give you your orders. You are to become ruthless. You will show no mercy to anyone, and I mean anyone. Mercy is a weakness and can bring a man down in seconds. To prove this to me you will do one thing for me, kill your brothers."

Vegita looked up at Freeza. "Never. I will never do what you say. Never will I bring down someone of my own blood."

Freeza just turned the other way. "Oh well, it won't be the first planet of warriors I've been forced to destroy. I'll find replacements for the Saiyans."

"Freeza, you can't do this."

"Then all you have to do is say yes and kill your brothers. Get them out of the way so that you can be king and still have a planet to rule."

Vegita looked down at the floor. He clenched his fists showing his extreme anger inside of him. As angry as he was, he couldn't force out a word. "You and your brothers are going on a trip to destroy a planet this weekend," Freeza said. "It is then that I want you to destroy the worthless Saiyans. As long as you do this, the Saiyan race will live on." He turned and walked toward the door. "Goodbye, Vegeta. Think about what I said. I trust you'll do the right thing." The door opened and Freeza left letting guards rush in. They quickly carried the barely conscience Vegeta to the healing chambers.

Roshun stared at the strange Saiyan in the healing pod. He was one of the most badly injured Saiyans he had ever seen. Even after hours of healing, it was still bad. His bloody clothes had been removed and stacked in a pile in the corner of the room leaving him naked to heal in the chamber. Roshun saw scars everywhere; the most noticeable was the X shaped scar on his left cheek. He turned to the healing supervisor. "How long is he going to be in there?"

"Who knows," he replied, "He's so banged up he could be in there for a while. Most likely he'll be done in about two days."

"Does anyone know who he is?"

"No. We're running a check to see if we can identify him, but that could take longer than the healing."

Roshun was confused. "What do you mean when you say 'run a check'."

"Well, every Saiyan on this planet is identified in our computer system. What we do is we enter his face into the computer and it looks for a match." He motioned for Roshun to come to the computer. "Look, I'll show you."

He walked over to the computer and watched it try to identify the mysterious Saiyan. On the left side of the screen was the face of the unknown warrior while on the right was a constant change of faces. It changed so fast that Roshun could not make out the faces. "I get it," he said. "The computer tries to match the face of this man with his face in the computer."

"Right."

"Wow. How fast does it go?"

"It shows about fifty faces a second."

'Well, if it's going that fast we should be able to identify him in no time."

"I'm afraid not. There are literally billions of Saiyans on this planet. It could take for ever to identify him."

"Well that sucks."

"I know. Your father wants it done quickly, though I don't know why. You should see him around this man. He's scared out of his mind whenever he sees him. It's like he gives him a bad feeling or something."

"That's weird. Father's not afraid of anything."

The man laughed. "Believe me, everyone's afraid of someone."

Roshun thought for a moment. "What about Freeza?"

With that the man stopped his work. Roshun saw his hands clench in a fist as he stared down at the floor. Finally, after a long moment of silence, he replied, "You should go now. Have fun and leave me to my work."

Roshun knew what the man was feeling and didn't say another word. He walked to the door, but suddenly he stopped and said, "Don't worry. Someday we will be free from him, I swear to you." He turned and left.

King Vegeta stood at the entrance of the vast dining hall, watching the cooks, waiters and slaves run around like ants on an anthill.

They were running desperately around the hall making every thing perfect for both their leader and their enemy, Freeza. Everything needed to be just right for the evil tyrant. It made Vegeta sick how he could control an army like they were pets. Yet these thoughts were not on his mind right now. He was thinking of the mysterious Saiyan in the pod.

He had seen him before, he knew it. Somewhere in his past he had seen that man before. It was tearing him up inside. The feeling he felt around that man was something you could never forget. It was a feeling of joy and relief, but at the same time pain and sorrow.

What was it about the man's face that caused him to feel this way? Why was this happening now? So many questions, and so little answers. It ate at his mind, tearing up his thoughts. He couldn't think of anything else.

"Is something wrong?"

King Vegeta turned and saw Takahashi standing before him. "You look pale," he said, "Is something troubling you?"

"Not at all," the king lied.

"Come on. I can tell when something's wrong. I've been able to tell since childhood. Now tell me, what is it?"

Vegeta sighed. "It's that Saiyan that crash landed here not hours earlier."

"My king, what could trouble you about that?"

"I don't know, Takahashi. I get this strange feeling every time I'm around him. It's like none other I've felt."

"What kind of feeling, sir?"

He turned and faced his friend with the saddest expression Takahashi would ever see from the king. "It's a bad feeling, Takahashi. Something bad is going to happen."

"But sirâ€¦"

His sentence was cut off as the doors of the dining hall were thrown open. At first there were rows of guards from all different races around the galaxy that had been corrupted. Then came Dodoria and Zarbon, walking side by side, pure evil on their faces. After them came Freeza himself, followed by more rows of guards. They all walked to their assigned seats along the lengthy table, without saying a word. Vegeta and Takahashi watched them the whole way. "Aren't you going to sit down," Freeza said to the king after the he had taken his seat.

"Yes, Freeza." He sat down at his throne seat next to Takahashi. At that moment, Roshun, Foji and Vegeta came to the hall and took their seats by the king. Out of the corner of his eye, the king saw Freeza smile at Vegeta. He turned to Vegeta and saw a look of disgust on his face.

He looked back down the hall and saw the food was making its way to the table. "I guess it's time for me to put on my gameface," he whispered to Takahashi as he stood up. "Attention," he yelled, "Attention everyone. I'd like everyone to give a round of applause for Freeza, our guest of honor."

Everyone stood from their seats and filled the room with the noise of applause, though most of it was not willingly. After the cheering ceased, everyone sat down awaiting the King Vegeta's next comment. "I'd like to thank you all," he continued, "for coming hereâ€¦"

"I'd like to speak," Freeza said, cutting off Vegeta's well-prepared speech. It surprised and scared Vegeta, as well as everyone else in the room. They whispered amongst themselves about what it was Freeza had to say. "Attention, everyone, I have a few things I'd like to say.

"It's no surprise to me that you see me as some kind of threat, an enemy of your great race. It's no surprise to me that every single time I come, many go running to hide and pray for my death. It's no surprise to me that you shudder in fear every time you hear my name. Most of all, it's also no surprise to me that some of you are unloyal enough to suggest a resistance.

"My people, you are Saiyans. You are the strongest army of fighters in the galaxy, the universe even. You take care of the majority of my missions. You are tough, have great stamina and as an added bonus, you can change form at the full moon causing yourselves to become ten times stronger. You are the best warrior race in the galaxy.

"After hearing all this from me, why would you think I'd destroy you? Can't you all see that I need you for my planet trade to grow continually? My empire would not be what it is today without you, the mighty Saiyans."

King Vegeta watched and listened to Freeza and all his lies. He couldn't stand it. Freeza was telling his people exactly what they wanted to hear. It sickened him.

"Fear me not," Freeza continued. "I am your leader and therefore I can be trusted. I no longer want you to view me as an enemy, but as a friend instead."

He sat back down in his seat as he finished. Takahashi sensed that no one in the room believed the tyrant. In an attempt to cover this up, he rose to his feet and began clapping. Others caught on and it wasn't long before the room was filled with the sound of applause, though no one really meant it.

"I must say, excellent speech Lord Freeza"

Freeza was in his quarters with Zarbon and Dodoria. They had all just finished dinner and were discussing the events that took place. "Thank you, Zarbon," Freeza replied. "I thought it was great acting myself."

"I cant believe those idiots bought it," Dodoria added. "Saiyans are the stupidest species in the universe."

Freeza laughed. "I couldn't agree with you more."

"So what are we going to do about them," Zarbon asked.

"Kill em'," Dodoria shouted.

"Shutup you fat bastard," Zarbon replied, "It's Lord Freeza's decision, not ours."

"Fine."

"Quit bickering you two," Freeza said. "I haven't made my decision yet. I'm waiting to see how Vegeta responds to our little discussion."

"He won't listen," Zarbon added. "He's too much of a Saiyan, if you know what I mean."

"On the contrary, I think he'll listen. The lives of his people rest on his decision."

"True butâ€¦"

"There are no buts, Zarbon. We'll wait and see what happens. Now leave me."

"Yes, Lord Freeza," the both answered at the same time. They exited the room leaving Freeza to sleep.

By now the sun had set on Planet Vegeta. Darkness covered the land sucked the life out of the sky. Most were retreating to their homes to sleep until the dawn came again. However, three young princes stayed out on the side of the Palace, watching their kingdom in darkness.

"So," Roshun asked, "What do you think about Freeza's little speech?"

"Bullshit," Vegeta replied, "Every damn word of it."

"I don't know," Foji added, "He sounded sincere."

"Foji, you're young and foolish. Don't ever believe a word that man says, ever."

"God, Vegeta," Roshun said, "You sound a little more harsh than normal."

"Maybe I'm just sick of this crap."

"You and me both, but what can we do?"

Vegeta started to say something, but shut his mouth before anything

came out. "Let's just get off the subject," he said.

"Oh, that reminds me," Foji said. "Tomorrow we have special training with Takahashi."

"Alright," Roshun shouted as he jumped up off his seat. "I love special training."

"Why?" Vegeta asked. "It's just like regular training only with someone older. Either way, you still get your ass kicked."

"You wanna come over here and say that to my face?"

Vegita got up and walked right in Roshun's face. "Yeah."

Foji sensed that there could be trouble here. "Alright, you two. Stop it." He stepped in between them and broke up the fight.

"Fine," Vegeta said, "But your gonna get it tomorrow."

"We'll see, Vegeta, we'll see."

Vegita's fist went right across Roshun's face. Before he could counterattack, he was smacked again in the stomach and then uppercutted in the face. He stumbled a few steps back and wiped the blood off his face. Takahashi, Foji and King Vegeta watched these events from the outside of the training room. "He's an excellent fighter," Takahashi told the King, "The best I've ever seen at this age."

"It's amazing isn't it," the King replied, "They get stronger every generation. I was stronger than my father, as was his father before him."

"Dad, am I gonna be real strong," Foji asked.

"Hopefully, son," he replied as he turned his attention back towards the fight.

Vegita was beating up on Roshun. Fists were flying and Roshun was unable to block. Finally, Vegeta kicked with all his energy and sent Roshun flying. He skidded across the ground and finally stopped in front of the King and Takahashi. "Looks like I got the best of you, Roshun."

Roshun would have answered, had he been conscious. His body lay bloody and beaten on the floor of the training room. Takahashi at once slipped in and ordered the guards to heal the injured Roshun. "Excellent job, Vegeta," He said to the warrior, "You're a chip off the old block."

Vegita smiled. He looked and saw Roshun had regained consciousness while being taken to the pod. "Let me go," he yelled at the guards, "I want to at least watch the rest of the training."

After Takahashi agreed, the guards left leaving only the royal

warriors in the training section. "Vegita," Takahashi said, "I want to see how you do against a group of enemies. Is that all right with you."

"Hell yeah," he replied, "Bring it on."

Takahashi grabbed a bag from his pocket. He reached his hand into the bag and pulled out six seeds. He threw them on the ground and exited the room leaving Vegita alone in the training room. He stood motionless in the center of the room.

Suddenly, the seeds began to grow. They opened up and out of them came warriors, green in color and small in size. They were hideous looking things; at least that's what Vegita thought. Without even thinking twice, the creatures jumped at Vegita. Vegita smiled and stood his ground. He didn't move a muscle.

The first of the six punched Vegita right in the stomach, but he was unaffected. He just stood motionless, like a rock. Out of nowhere, his hand grabbed the creature's arm. He then raised his knee straight into the thing's stomach. It let out a disgusting, high-pitched scream. Vegita threw the thing against the wall and it exploded. Takahashi was shocked.

The second and third charged at him. As they reached Vegita, they vanished and reappeared behind him. Instantly, the prince threw his elbows back and hit both creatures at their waist. The force of his blow ripped through their stomachs and split them in half.

The last three jumped into the air and all fired ki blasts in unison. All three hit Vegita at the same time causing a huge explosion. But as the dust cleared, Vegita remained. He laughed and then shot three ki blasts into the air. They hit the three creatures and they exploded. Blood and guts flew everywhere and it was clear that they monsters were dead.

"I can't believe it," Takahashi said, "He destroyed them all without even a scratch. What a powerful child."

"Hello, everyone."

They all turned and saw the horrible face of Freeza. "I'm sorry for intruding, but I wondered if it would be alright if I watched for a little bit."

"Of course, Freeza," the shocked king replied.

"Good." He walked over to the window and saw Vegita along with the gore of the dead monsters. "Give him something more challenging than Saibamen," Freeza said to Takahashi, "He's capable of so much more."

"What kind of challenge do you mean?"

"How about you?"

Takahashi was surprised. "You want me to fight Vegita?"

"That's the idea."

Takahashi looked into the training room and saw Vegeta standing in his same place, still not moving. He looked back at Freeza. He didn't feel right about this. Something about it seemed wrong to him.

"Am I going to see a fight or are you going to daydream all day?" Freeza asked.

He awoke from his dream-like state. "Of course," he replied. He walked into the training room and walked to the lonely warrior. "Very good, Vegeta, now you will fight me."

Vegeta looked at Takahashi and laughed. "I have to fight you?"

Takahashi stared right into Vegeta's eyes. "That's the idea."

"Then lets go." As vanished as soon as he ended his sentence. Takahashi felt a hard blow to the back of the head. It sent him lunging forward only to be interrupted by Vegeta's fist to his stomach. He staggered backward clutching his aching stomach. He looked up at Vegeta and realized it would take all his power to defeat him.

"What's wrong, old man?" Vegeta asked, "Can't defeat a boy."

"Vegeta, you always had a big mouth. I think it's time to shut it." He charged forward and flung his foot at Vegeta's mouth. It connected sending him flying to his side. The warrior hopped to his feet only to get an elbow to the back. As he fell to the ground, he pushed with his hands causing him to flip forward and kick Takahashi in the face. He continued flying towards the wall, rebounded and headbutted the military leader in the chest.

Without even stopping to think, he grabbed Takahashi's neck and threw him against the wall. He then threw his hands back, gathered energy and released a giant blast of ki. Takahashi looked up and saw the blast coming towards him. He quickly got up and held his hands out. The blast hit his hands and exploded throwing him against the wall again.

The blast almost knocked him out cold. He stumbled to his feet and looked at Vegeta. He couldn't believe the power the boy possessed. He was stronger than the leader of the entire Saiyan army. Could it be, he thought, that the legendary Super Saiya-jin is standing before my eyes. His thoughts were interrupted by the sarcastic taunts of Vegeta. "What's wrong?" he asked, "You seem tired. You aren't running out of energy are you?"

"Of course not. Why don't you let me prove it to you." He got up off the ground and charged at Vegeta. He knew he couldn't win, but he would try.

Vegeta laughed as Saiyan flew towards him. But suddenly, his concentration was shifted to the form behind Takahashi—the form of Freeza. He had been there the whole time and Vegeta had not noticed him. The evil tyrant was wearing a huge grin across his face. He recalled his earlier conversation with the monster and realized what Freeza wanted him to do. I won't do it, he thought, but I must, for the Saiyan race.

He turned his attention back towards Takahashi, who was still charging at him. He closed his eyes and lifted two fingers into the air. "I hope you can forgive me," he whispered.

Takahashi saw him raise his fingers and at once knew what was happening. He tried to stop, but couldn't at his speed. He saw the glimmer of light from Vegeta's fingers. "VEGITA, NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!"

It was too late. The room erupted into a flash of white light. The floor tore and equipment was destroyed. Even the windows shattered at the power of the blast. Everyone shielded themselves from the blast except for Freeza, who laughed an evil laugh of joy.

The dust cleared and the limp body of Takahashi was revealed. He lay lifeless on the floor of the half-destroyed training room. Vegeta at once fell to his knees and hit the ground with his fists. "Son of a bitch!" he screamed.

King Vegeta got up from his shielding position and saw Takahashi dead. "Takahashi!" he yelled as he jumped through the broken window and ran to the side of his long time companion. He checked his pulse and realized the man was dead. He got up off the ground and stared at the wall, anger and hatred filling his face. He looked at Freeza, who showed no emotion whatsoever. "It's a shame," he said to the King, "He was a good warrior."

"Shutup, you bastard!" He slammed his hand against the wall and left the room.

The funeral service was held that night at the palace cemetery. King Vegeta was angry the entire day and had spoke to no one. Vegeta had spent the entire day away from everyone as well. They were both isolated in their guilt and anger. Roshun had spent the day healing and had awakened in time for the funeral.

All the royal members of the Saiyan Council were there as well as the royal family, Freeza and his top advisors. It was like all other ceremonies. The king spoke about his long time friendship with the man. He was like a brother to the king. Best friends since childhood. After his touching speech, Takahashi was laid to rest.

Vegeta left as soon as the funeral ended while most everyone else stayed and mourned for the loss of their military leader. This struck Roshun as odd. He knew something was troubling Vegeta. He had never acted this way until Freeza arrived. Roshun too left early to follow Vegeta to wherever he was heading.

He found Vegeta at the end of the palace. He was sitting on top of the palace walls looking out over the land. This was where Vegeta always went to think. It was by far the best view in the palace, especially during times like that moment. The sun was setting just below the horizon letting out a reddish glare across the planet surface. Vegeta never admitted this was the reason he came there, but Roshun knew it any way.

He tried to be quiet and sneak up on Vegeta, but his attempt turned futile. "What do you want?" Vegeta snapped. He jumped off his seat and looked at Roshun. "Well, what is it?"

Roshun just stared. He glared right in Vegeta's eyes. They were eyes of sorrow, pain and suffering. "What's wrong with you?" he finally managed to say.

"What do you mean?" He turned and looked across the horizon. "There's nothing wrong. You're the only one with a problem."

"Then why is Takahashi dead?"

Vegeta turned and anger overtook his emotions. "You think I meant to kill him? You think I meant to kill my friend, my mentor?"

"Calm down, Vegeta. I didn't say that."

"Then what exactly are you saying?"

"I'm not saying anything. I came here to ask questions. All I know is that Takahashi is dead and you killed him. I want to know why."

Vegeta sighed and looked across the sky again. By now the sun had set below and the sky was illuminated by only the moon. "It happened in the heat of battle. I couldn't control my power. It all happened in rage." He turned back towards Roshun. "Takahashi was killed by accident, nothing more."

On normal occasions, Roshun would have accepted that answer, but at that time he couldn't. Things were too weird. "Is that the whole story?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"I said yes, didn't I?"

"Yeah, but I can't accept that. Something is wrong, I can tell. I can see it in your eyes. Why can't you tell me the truth?"

Vegeta was overcome with anger again. He rushed towards Roshun, grabbed him by the neck and pinned him up against the wall. "How dare you judge me, you little prick. You don't know what my life is like right now. You think you know everything, but in reality, he has no clue." He threw Roshun against the ground and walked away.

Roshun got back up and ran after him. "Vegeta," he screamed, "Come back here."

Vegeta lifted his hand and the ground in front of Roshun exploded. It sent him stumbling back until he tripped on the ground. He got up and saw Vegeta walking away. "Just stay the hell away from me," he yelled. He walked until he was out of sight of his twin brother.

The night past and morning came again, but it brought no change with it. The King was still morning over the loss of his friend while Vegeta kept pretty much to himself. Roshun, however, was on his way to see Kaikou to see if his dream had been interpreted. He walked into his office in the palace. "Hello, Roshun," Kaikou said to the young prince, "What, may I ask, is the purpose of your visit?"

"I'm here about my dream," he replied, "Has it been interpreted."

"No, I'm afraid. I have been able to find no links from your dream to reality. There's no connection that I can see."

"I can't be, Kaikou, itâ€|"

"Child, it is sometimes good to let the unexplained stay that way. Some things aren't meant to be uncovered.'

"Alright." He was disappointed, but there was not much he could do. He suddenly thought of something. "Has Vegeta been in here?" he asked.

"No, I don't believe so. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. He's just been acting strange lately. Heâ€|"

He was interrupted by the sound of the intercom. "Attention. Will Roshun, Vegeta and Foji please come to the King's chambers. That is all."

"I wonder what he wants," Roshun thought aloud. He said his good-byes to Kaikou and was on his way.

The three princes were gathered in King Vegeta's quarters. They had all just arrived and were eager to hear what their father had to say. After they were forced to wait, the king finally arrived. "Hello, my children," he said, "I have something to say." He took a deep breath and looked out the window at the launching bay. "You are to go to the Planet Kashir, kill it's inhabitants and take the planet in the name of Freeza."

At that moment, Vegeta's heart stopped. He remembered back to his conversation with Freeza. He had told him that he and his brothers would take a trip to capture a planet and that he must kill his brothers. He scowled and sweat ran down his face. Roshun saw this, but kept it to himself.

"Although the planet needs to be captured," the king continued, "That's not the real reason I'm sending you. The real reason is it's not safe here. Freeza is unstable and I don't want you here if anything happens." He turned around and saw Vegeta with a sickening look on his face. "Vegeta, are you okay?"

"Yeah," he replied, "I'm just feelin a little under the weather,

that's all."

"Alright." He looked at the clock. "You leave in five hours. You are dismissed until then."

The princes left without saying another word.

They met at the launching bay five hours later. They were all dressed up in their Saiyan battle armor including scouter. Roshun always thought they were cool, but he couldn't think of that now. He was concentrated on Vegeta. He hadn't said a word in five hours. It was beginning to worry Roshun. His concentration was broken when King Vegeta arrived.

The king retold them their instructions and they loaded into the pods. There were three pods, one for each fighter. They were launched one at a time into the atmosphere and the vastness of space.

The Next Day

The lonely guard sat at his patrol desk in the healing room of the palace. He sat watching the faces of the identification computer, trying to identify any one he knew. "I know himâ€|don't know himâ€|know himâ€|know hâ€|"

Suddenly the light on the healing pod containing the mysterious Saiyan turned from red to green. The guard looked up and saw the liquid empty from the container. The door swung open and the Saiyan stepped out. He was much taller and muscular than he looked in the pod. He looked a lot stronger as well. He looked around the room and saw only the guard and his clothes. He really didn't care that he was naked, he had other things on his mind. He turned his attention to the guard. "Are you the only one left?"

Vegita sat on his throne in the main quarters of the palace. He was feeling sicklier than he had the whole week. Disaster loomed in the air. Whenever he breathed, he breathed in death. The atmosphere was cold and icy, like that of death. All this was broken by the arrival of his guards. Once he saw that the mysterious Saiyan was with them, he was filled with a little joy. He would discover what he felt whenever he saw him.

"Sir," the guard said to the king, "Allow me to introduce Bardock, a third class warrior. He is the father of Kakkarott, Taurus and Raditz. He says he has important information for you."

"Kakkarott," Vegeta said to himself. Suddenly he remembered. "Your boy was sent into space ten years ago."

"Yes, sir," he replied.

Vegita was a little satisfied, but not completely. He still did not uncover the nature of his feeling. But he couldn't think of that now. He had other things to do. "What is this news you have for me, Bardock?"

"Well, sir, its bad news. I was on Planet Kanassas for a routine take over. Things got tough and my fellow companions Celiye, Toma, Totepo and Panboukin were killed. I defeated Tooro, the remaining local, but not before being cursed with the ability to see my future, our future.

"What I'm trying to say is that our future is bad. Freeza will destroy our planet as soon as he leaves here."

Vegita just stared at Bardock. The guards were scared out of their minds, but Vegita wasn't fazed at all. In a way, he saw this coming. He sat on his throne and covered his face.

"Vegita," Bardock said as he came closer to the chair, "We don't have much time. We have to hurry."

Three pods landed on the remote planet of Kashir. Each one raised up a cloud of dust on the surface as they hit the ground. From the pods emerged the Saiyan princes. They stood side by side coasting the horizon and finding no one.

Vegita clicked his scouter and no readings appeared. "What the hell," Roshun said, "There's no one here." He looked at Vegita and saw the sweat running down his face. "You nervous Vegita?" he asked.

"No not at all," he replied.

"Liar. I'm gonna check this way." He flew off east from were they stood.

Vegita looked over at Foji. He was standing, skimming the skies, looking for life. Vegita remembered what Freeza told him, to kill his brothers. More sweat ran down his face. He lifted his arm slowly towards Foji. His mind did everything it could to stop him, but it wasn't enough. A glowing ball of energy appeared in his hands.

Foji saw the ball of light. He looked at Vegita. "What the hell are you doing, Vegita?"

"I'm sorry," Vegita replied. A beam of light burst out of his hand. It hit Foji right in the stomach but didn't stop there. It slowly tore through the tissue of his body. Finally, it burst out the other side. Blood spewed like a fountain as the blast was now strait through his body. Vegita ceased the blast and watched Foji fall down dead. He turned away from the body; he couldn't bear to look at it. But his image of Planet Vegeta's destruction drove him to look for Roshun and finish the job.

"Vegita, we have to do something!" Bardock shouted at the top of his lungs.

"What good is it? Our fate has been decided," Vegeta replied calmly.

"No it hasn't. We can change the future."

"No, Bardock, weâ€|"

"Shutup! I can change this, I swear. I just need the order for the army to be released. Only you can do that.

Vegeta was silent in his chair covering his face. "Give the damn order!" Bardock shouted.

Vegeta finally lifted his head. "Well," he said, "When you have nothing, you have nothing to lose. You have my permission to release the armies. Tell them to destroy Freeza at all costs."

"Yes, sir." He left the room in a hurry to gather the armies. Vegeta was left alone in his room. He covered his face and cursed Freeza under his breath.

Roshun could not believe what he saw. It couldn't be, he thoughts as thoughts of sadness and horror ran through his head. He could have sworn that he saw Vegeta kill Foji, but he wasn't sure. He flew over to their crash site as fast as he could.

When he arrived, he saw the dead body of his brother. "FOJI!!!!!!!!!!!" He screamed as he landed by his side. He saw the gaping hole in his stomach and all the blood that had spilled from it. He was dead, that was obvious. He stood up and looked for Vegeta. He was filled with wrath and rage. "You are going to pay you son of a bitch!" he screamed out into the air. "Come out from your hiding spot."

"I'm right here."

Roshun turned and saw Vegeta standing right in front of him. "You are sick," Roshun said to his brother.

"You don't understandâ€|I-I had no choice."

"Bullshit. You're a freaking liar."

"I'm serious. I had to."

"Why, you sick bastard?"

"He made me."

"Whose 'he'?"

"Who the hell do you think 'he' is?"

Roshun was silent. He looked back at Vegeta. "That's not the worst of it," Vegeta added. The worst part is, I have to kill you to."

Roshun was silent again. "Why?"

"Freeza. He told me if I didn't do it, our planet would be destroyed."

Roshun looked back at the lifeless body of Foji. He was in shock. So many things were running through his mind that he couldn't sort them. He couldn't think straight. But he did know one thing. "Vegeta," he finally said, "I can't let you kill me."

"Brother, don't make me fight you."

"I'm sorry, you're going to have to."

Vegeta sighed. "I don't want to do this, but for the sake of our planet, I must."

He assumed a fighting position. Roshun did the same. The clash of the titans was about to begin.

Vegeta was sitting at his chair silently, praying that his race would overcome the tyrant. He had little hope this would happen, but he figured at this point, prayer was worth a shot. He began another prayer when he heard the screams of his guards. He looked up and saw the figures of Freeza, Dodoria and Zarbon. "Stay back," he said as he hopped to his feet.

"Vegeta!" Freeza screamed, "Enough is enough. Explain the revolution spreading throughout the planet. Explain it to me!"

"It's simple," he replied, "We'd rather be free in the grave than slaves to you. We've had enough. We are banning together as a planet, and you don't stand a chance."

"Very impressive speech, but only if it were true." He vanished and then reappeared directly in front of Vegeta. His tail whipped around faster than Vegeta could see. It wrapped around his neck and choked the air out of his lungs. He breathed desperate for air. "Oh, Vegeta, you Saiyans will never understand."

He began throwing punches faster than anyone could see. Vegeta was in so much pain. He tried to cry out, but there was no air in his lungs. Suddenly, the life was removed from him and he stopped trying to escape. His neck cocked to the side and he gave up. He was dead. Freeza's tail was removed from his neck and the body fell to the ground.

"Long live the king," The trio walked out of the room towards their spaceship.

The two fighters flew into each other and collided into a fury of punches and kicks. Roshun was throwing punches and blocking incoming fists, but Vegeta was doing the same and just as good. Finally, Vegeta landed one on Roshun's face. It sent him staggering backwards, but Vegeta forced him to continue. He flew at Roshun and swung his foot. Roshun dodged to left so it just barely missed his face. He grabbed Vegeta's leg and threw him across the sky.

He quickly flew behind the soaring Vegeta and elbowed him in the back. He let out a cry of pain and fell to the ground. Roshun flew after with his leg out ready to smash it into Vegeta's stomach. Vegeta rolled over causing Roshun to miss. He followed up with a roundhouse to knock his brother of his feet.

Roshun, without delaying, picked himself up and flew away to get some distance. Damn, he thought, this is gonna be a tough fight. He made a ki blast above his head and threw it at Vegeta. He easily swatted it away with both hands. "This can end now!" Vegeta shouted, "I don't have to fight you like this."

"I'd rather die at your hands in battle than in surrendering," he replied. He held out his hand and fired three small ki blasts to the ground right in front of Vegeta. They hit the ground and exploded causing dust to fly in Vegeta's eyes. He covered his eyes desperate to get the sand out. But before he could, Roshun appeared behind him and grabbed him around the neck.

"Let go of me, you prick," Vegeta choked out while Roshun's hands were crushing his neck.

"Only if you stop this madness. We don't have to listen to anything Freeza says. Don't you get it? He'll probably destroy the planet anyway. You will die unless you stop this. We can beat him together."

Vegita wanted to stop, but he couldn't. He had to keep going, for the Saiyans.

The skies of Planet Vegeta were filled with Saiyans young and old, male and female. It seemed everyone on the planet was there. They had banded together to fill the skies with an army whose sole purpose was to kill Freeza. The head of the army was none other than Bardock. He had notified officials of every town on Planet Vegeta to send their men. The fight was to begin. It was inevitable.

The all stared at Freeza's ship. It was hovering the atmosphere of the planet waiting for the Saiyans to strike. "Come on out," Bardock shouted at the ship, "Come out Freeza, and show your cowardly face."

There was no reply from the ship. It just sat floating in space. "I said come out!" he yelled. "We're not afraid of you anymore." As he finished, a door opened on the ship. From the door, thousands of guards flooded out like a wave. They charged at the Saiyans and they

charged back. The two parties erupted into battle. The thousands of Saiyans attack the thousands of troops.

People went down everywhere. Saiyans and Freeza's guards alike died in the battle. Every five feet there were men being slaughtered. Bodies fell to the ground and spilled blood on the planet. Even Bardock was receiving his beating.

The battle raged on, and Freeza watched from his window, laughing the entire time.

Roshun still had his hands around Vegeta's neck, choking the air out of him. "Let me go," he screamed. In rage, he kicked his foot up so that it hit Roshun right in his manhood. Her let out a high pitched scream that hurt Vegeta's ears. He grabbed Roshun and threw him into the air. Luckily, Roshun stopped in mid flight. He looked down at Vegeta who was obviously up to something.

Vegita raised his arms to his sides. Each palm began glowing with radiant energy. He put them together in front of his chest. Roshun hovered in the sky a distance away from Vegeta, but he saw the blast coming. Vegeta hands light up with ki. "Take this, Roshun!" He fired a huge ki blast at Roshun. It soared through the arrow, heading strait towards his target.

Roshun wasn't going to be destroyed that easy. He lifted his hands above his head and prepared to counter attack. When the blast was a good distance from him, he lunged forward and fired at the oncoming blast. It stuck Vegeta's blast head on. The two collided and light the entire sky of the deserted planet. The energy gathered together by the two blasts began to rip the planet surface apart. Rocks rose from the ground and disintegrated into thin air. Kashir shook as if it were to explode. It was too much for the planet.

It was almost too much for Roshun as well. He was having a hard time holding it against Vegeta. His blast was too strong for him, yet he still held on. Sweat poured down his face and his arms ached, but he couldn't quit. Doing so would mean certain death. He noticed that Vegeta was slowly winning. His blast was becoming shorter and shorter as the length of Vegeta's increased. In a last ditch effort, he released a surge of energy through his blast directly at Vegeta's. He then ceased fire and flew directly into the air to avoid the explosion. As soon as the surge of energy came in contact with Vegeta's blast, it exploded into a huge radius that covered as far as Roshun could see.

When the dust cleared, Roshun saw Vegeta, still standing there covering himself from the blast. He was standing directly on the edge of a huge crater that the blast had caused. The crater was endless in size and just as deep. Yet the power that made the crater ceased to destroy Vegeta. "You can't destroy me that easily," he shouted at Roshun. "You're way out of your league."

Death filled the air on Planet Vegeta. Freeza's army had been defeated, but not without casualties. Every where on the planet you could smell the stench of death. But the Saiyans would not give up. The remaining Saiyans were still standing outside Freeza's ship awaiting the tyrant. The bloody and beaten Bardock still hollered out insults to Freeza. "Come out, you coward," he yelled, "Show your face."

Something must have snapped in the mind of the monster. At that moment, Freeza appeared from his ship. "That's right," Bardock continued, "Let's see what kind of a man you are."

Freeza just smiled. He raised his finger up into the air. Bardock, foolishly not sensing the attack, formed a blast in his right hand and fired it at the madman. Freeza saw the oncoming blast and just laughed. A huge, yellow ball of energy appeared where his index finger was. It grew and grew and grew until it reached an unimaginable size.

Bardock's oncoming blast was nothing compared to Freeza's Death Ball. The blast was simply absorbed by it. Bardock was shocked. How the hell can he be so strong, he thought? Freeza continued his laugh as he threw the Death Ball at the planet.

It was heading straight towards Bardock. He couldn't move in fear of his life. Death paralyzed him, left him weak. As the ball neared him, he had a vision. It was one of his visions of the future he was cursed to see. He saw Freeza with himself on a dying planet. No, it wasn't himself but someone different. It was his son. "Kakkarott," he whispered to himself as he uncovered the Saiyan's identity. More visions paced before his eyes, visions of hope. He saw the man beating Freeza, and then becoming a Super Saiya-jin. He saw the death of Freeza, the man he and his people feared his whole life. He was to die at the hands of a Saiyan.

The blast hit Bardock. It crushed him, made him feel as if every bone in his body was being crushed. His armor was ripped off his body and disintegrated. Still he thought of Freeza's death. It made him happy. He was to die knowing that he, in a way, was victorious. "My son lives on," he said as the ball crushed him permanently.

For some reason, a breath of life was given to King Vegeta. His eyes opened. He was in his royal palace bloody and too sore to move. What the hell, he thought? How am I alive? He thanked the gods for letting him live. He looked around his room and saw dead guards and soldiers. A battle had taken place and Vegeta knew it.

He was suddenly urged to look into the sky. He turned his head in the direction of the window and his face turned white at what he saw. He saw the big, yellow ball soaring to earth. He was overcome with horror. It slowly made its way through the atmosphere and hit the ground. It caused an explosion that went in a circular radius throughout the planet. It was heading towards Vegeta. A tear slowly ran down his cheek. He couldn't believe that all they had worked for was to be destroyed. More tears followed. The blast came closer and

closer.

Then
blackness.

Roshun couldn't believe that it was all going to be over. He had fought Vegeta and discovered he was right; he was way out of his league. He looked at Vegeta who was ready to kill him, though not by his own will. He suddenly vanished. Without warning, Roshun felt a blow to the back of his head that sent him flying to the ground. He smashed into it causing dust to fly up. Before he was able to get up, Vegeta followed with a knee to the back. He screamed in pain. He felt as if his back was broken.

Vegita flew back up to the air and fired a blast back at the ground. It was dead on and the grounded exploded. Vegeta looked down and saw the injured Roshun. The blast had nearly killed him. He hovered down to where he was and used his feet to flip him over. He was beaten, covered in blood and closer to death than he had ever been. "You are a sight for sore eyes," he said to Roshun, "It's too bad. I didn't want this to happen."

Roshun was silent, unable to speak. "Please forgive me," he continued, "I did not mean for this to happen, I just wanted to save our race. Do not hate me." He was done. He turned and walked towards his pod leaving Roshun to die. A tear fell down his cheek as he left. "Forgive me," he whispered again. Roshun did not hear, he passed out.

The planet was cold once again.

To be Continuedâ€¦

End
file.